

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

## Stand for the Right.

Be firm, be bold, be strong, be true,  
 "And dare to stand alone;"  
 Strive for the right, whate'er you do,  
 Though helpers there be none.  
 Nay—bend not to the swelling surge  
 Of fashion's sneer and wrong,  
 'Twill bear thee on to ruin's verge,  
 With current wild and strong.  
 Stand for the right: though falsehood rail,  
 And proud lips coldly sneer;  
 A poisoned arrow cannot wound  
 A conscience pure and clear.  
 Stand for the right, and with clean hands  
 Exalt the truth on high;  
 Thou'lt find warm, sympathizing hearts  
 Among the passers by.  
 Stand for the right: proclaim it loud,  
 Thou'lt find an answering tone  
 In honest hearts, and then no more  
 Be doomed to stand alone.

—Sel.

Dear Editor:—I will try and write a little letter for the first time. I am only seven years old. May be you wont print it. If you don't I will try and be satisfied. I go to Sunday School nearly every Sunday. I like to go. Little children I want to tell you that I have a pet. What do you think it is? It is a pet squirrel. It is the cutiest little thing, you ever saw. It eats most any thing I give it. It holds the food in its paws. Pa gave a quarter for it. I wound not take half a dozen quarters for it now. I call it Dick. If I say, come Dick, it will look around so quick. Good by,

RACHIE RAUCH.

New Lebanon, O., July 13, 1887.

Dear Editor:—We have been very busy. Have had the hay workers to cook for, and the fruit to take care of. Fruit is not very plenty in this part of Ill. We had a good many strawberries and raspberries. Have some blackberries, no cherries, few plums, lots of grapes, but not so very many apples. Our school closed the 24th of June. I was kept too busy during school to write for the paper. I don't see many letters in the paper lately. Come boys and girls don't all stop writing because I did. Our bees do not do as well this year as they did last year. We have had but two swarms yet this summer. The farm we live on is quite large. One of my married brother's farms part and next year my youngest brother intends farming the part father farms now, and we intend going to town to live. I am afraid I will not like it. I have lived in the country all my life. My parents have lived where we now are living for 30 years. It is two miles and a quarter from town, just a nice drive. Do some of the little letter writers live in Kan? My parents took me there with them on a visit, when I was about seven years old. They think of going again this fall but I fear I will have to stay at home and go to school. I have two aunts and several cousins living in Ft. Scott, Kan. They have a large woolen factory. They manufacture hose by the hundred dozens. My little niece, Gertie Puterbaugh went to Chicago last week to spend her vacation with her papa. Gertie and one of my other little nieces had a big time shooting off fire-crackers the 4th of July. Their grandpa helped them. Mr. Beer came here to preach about the latter part of December, and left in May. I was sorry to see him go. Since Mr. Beer has gone we have preaching only once every two weeks. I will close by wishing the editor and wife much happiness.

Yours truly,

MAUD PUTERBAUGH.

Lanark, Ill., July 15, 1887.

Dear Editor:—I once more ask for admittance into the Children's circle. You will soon begin to think I am quite a frequent visitor. This is my third attempt to write for the paper. Harvest is over the golden grain is stored in the barns. What has become of all our little letter writers? I noticed in our last paper that there were but a couple of letters written. While a few months ago we very near filled a page. Come dear little friends don't let us become negligent during the warm weather. Many thanks dear editor for your kind letter to us in last weeks paper. Sister Irene and I are now taking music lessons of Miss Ella Oaks our much esteemed friend. Formaly a student of the Ashland College. Our State Convention is among the things of the past. I enjoyed it very much. I became acquainted with a few of the preachers. Bro. Killbuckner came out to our place

and stayed over night with us. We enjoyed his company very much. Rev. P. J. Brown is our pastor at Bear Creek. He comes the distance of 150 miles and preaches for us every two weeks. Thanks to Rev. J. D. McFaden for sending me the little paper entitled The "Brethren church." I almost forgot to tell of another S. S. Convention that was held at the Bear Creek church. Since you were down it is a Union Convention united by four different denominations viz., the Brethren, U. B. church, Reform and Lutherans. They convene every quarter. Meets every second Sunday in July at the Bear Creek church. Will you please correct this mistake. My name is Rauch instead of Ranch. Your little friend,

CORA A. RAUCH.

New Lebanon, O.

## Answered Prayers.

God answers prayer, and sometimes he answers in very special ways for the special encouragement of faith. We received from a correspondent some time ago the following plain and simple record of incidents occurring within her own knowledge:—

The three instances of God's providence which follow are actual facts; and perhaps there are not many of his children who could not remember equally striking verifications of the Almighty Father's word by his prophet (Isaiah 65: 24,) if memory had not been unfaithful.

Mr. and Mrs. Cooper came to our town and opened a baker's shop; but they did not succeed, and the landlord became anxious for his rent, and gave them notice that he should sell their goods on Monday, if the money were not paid.

No help came during the week, and the poor woman sat down in despair. She had prayed and hoped; but she was heart-sick and could pray no more. At this juncture a tract distributor called with a magazine. Her eyes fell on a piece entitled: "The Cloud: or Look Beyond It." It beautifully showed that behind the darkest cloud the sun is always shining, and pointed to Jesus the Sun of Righteousness, ever looking upon his beclouded children and encouraging them to look up. She did look up, and in faith cast her burden on her Lord.

The dreaded morning came, and so did the post-man with a letter containing the exact sum she wanted. It came from a friend who had no knowledge of the difficulty she was then in. She lived here for several years after, and she herself told me the circumstance to encourage me to trust the Lord also.

An aged woman some time ago told me of an event in her life that had left its impress deep cut in her memory.

One cold frosty day she went up to her godly old man, who was confined to his bed, and, with a broken heart, told him of her distress. There was no fire below and no coal to make one. She had often suffered hunger; but this was a new trial, for, as her husband had been engaged in the coal trade, they had never before been without a fire. He tried to encourage her to trust in the Lord, the Provider, but she turned moodily away and left him opening all their sorrows to his Father in heaven.

Soon after she heard a man say: "Does Sally S—live here about?" She opened the door. "Yes, here."

"Well, I've brought a hundred of coal from Mr. B—." It is worthy of notice that he never sent her any before or after, and did not know the special want of that day.

Mrs. F—was left a widow with several small children. Previous to her husband's decease she had frequently distressed him with her coming poverty and want. He tried to comfort her with the promises of God to the widow and orphan. The day of separation came, and found him trusting, her doubting.

She carried a heavy burden all alone; and indeed, it was too heavy for her. One day her sorrow came to a crisis, and she went upstairs and, kneeling down, cried: "O Lord, what shall I do? The children are coming home hungry from school, and I have nothing to give them." After breaking down completely before God, and casting her care upon him, she went down. A man knocked

at the door and brought in a "maund," or large covered basket. She said it could not be for her; but the direction was plain enough, and the poor woman opened the basket anxiously. Had God indeed heard her prayer and sent her bread? Yes, he had, and she and hers did eat many days.

This was the turning-point in her trouble; for friends who had known and respected her and her husband soon after came to her help, and three of her little girls were taken as tiny nursemaids. Thus relieved, she was able to struggle on, and the family are, now in a respectable position. She spoke of it to the glory of God's grace and faithfulness.

There were two confirmations of that beautiful promise: "Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart," showing God's tender love in matters which the world would think too little for him to notice.

On rallying from serious illness I recollected how much trouble I had seen given by the one craving for things which the friends had much trouble to get, and I determined to keep down such desires and be satisfied with whatever was brought to me. One day, however, I caught myself craving for two trifling things not likely to be brought to a sick person. I instantly drove the thought away, though my appetite was not so obedient as my heart. Shortly after my sister came to me with a little present, the two identical things I had longed for. I had not so much as hinted my wish to anyone, so that I was greatly surprised when the two articles were placed before me. In my weakness my loving Father had given me my desire.

I had been in bed many weeks, and a change of air seemed necessary to recovery. I turned the matter over and over in my mind till I got quite troubled, as the difficulties seemed insuperable. At last I cast my burden on the Lord, and left it with him. About a week after an old, loving friend came to see me. She asked if I would go to H—Cottage with her as her guest, if she engaged the lodgings. This was the exact thing that removed all difficulties, for my sister was not afraid to trust me with her. Nodody and no place could have been more desirable; and when Miss B—proposed it I was very much struck, and said inwardly, "This is the finger of God." As in the former case I had not said a word or given the least intimation of my thoughts, nor had any one spoken to me on the subject.

Would it not be far better, for us if we obeyed God's gracious command: "Trust in the Lord at all times; pour out your heart before him," instead of vexing ourselves with little cares and every day anxieties?—*British Messenger*.

## Lost Books of the Bible.

There are no "lost books of the Bible." No man has proved, or can prove, that any portion of canonical Scripture has perished. There are indeed books mentioned, or referred to in the Bible, which are not now extant, but there is no proof that any of these were intended as a part of the revelation of God, and the rule of our faith. As to the "Prophecy of Enoch," Judge does not say that there was any such writing. In regard to Solomon's utterances upon natural history, it is not said that they were committed to writing; and if they were, they no more made a part of Scripture than did his private letters to his friends. The Book of the Wars of the Lord may have been a mere muster-roll of the army, or a record of campaigns, and the Book of Jasper, or uprightness, may have been some epitome of civil regulations. The Books of Gods, Nathan, Iddo, Shemiah, etc., were quite probably parts of what we now have in the canon, under another name; since first and second Samuel, first and second Kings, and first and second Chronicles, were doubtless written, not by one, but a succession of prophets. Compare the 18th, 19th, and 20th chapters of second Kings, with the 36th, 37th, and 38th of Isaiah.

It remains then to be proved that any real part of the Bible has been lost; the providence of God, the well-known vigilance of the Jews, and the remarkable preservation of what Scriptures we have, all being very strong presumptive arguments against any such theory. The Greek version of the Old Testament shows that the Hebrew Scriptures were, nearly 300 years before Christ, the same as they are now; and the repeated and unqualified testimony of the blessed Saviour to their integrity, is sufficient to remove every cavil from an intelligent mind.—SEL.